NUMB. XCVI.

The SPECTATOR.

—— amicum
Mancipium domino, & frugi —— Hor.

Wednesday, June 20. 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have frequently read your Diſcourſe upon 'Servants, and, as I am one my ſelf, have 'been much offended that in that Variety 'of Forms wherein you conſidered the bad, you found no Place to mention the Good. There is however one Obſervation of yours I approve, which is, That there are Men of Wit and good Senſe among all Orders of Men; and that Servants report moſt of the Good or Ill which is ſpoken of their Maſters. That there are Men of Senſe who live in Servitude, I have the Vanity to ſay I have felt to my woful Experience. You attribute very juſtly the Source of our general Iniquity to Board-Wages, and the Manner of living out of a domeſtick Way: But I cannot give you my Thoughts on this Subject any Way ſo well, as by a ſhort Account of my own Life to this the Forty fifth Year of my Age; that is to ſay, from my being firſt a Foot-boy at Fourteen, to my preſent Station of a Nobleman's Porter in the Year of my Age above-mentioned.

'Know then, that my Father was a poor Tenant to the Family of Sir *Stephen Rackrent*: Sir *Stephen* put me to School, or rather made me follow his Son *Harry* to School, from my Ninth Year; and there, though Sir *Stephen* paid ſomething for my Learning, I was uſed like a Servant, and was forc'd to get what Scraps of Learning I could by my own Induſtry, for the Schoolmaſter took very little Notice of me. My young Maſter was a Lad of very ſprightly Parts, and my being conſtantly about him and loving him, was no ſmall Advantage to me. My Maſter loved me extremely, and has often been whipped for not keeping me at a Diſtance. He uſed always to ſay, That when he came to his Eſtate I ſhould have a Leaſe of my Father's Tenement for nothing. I came up to Town with him to *Weſtminſter* School, at which Time he taught me, at Night, all he learnt; and put me to find out Words in the Dictionary when he was about his Exerciſe. It was the Will of Providence that Maſter *Harry* was taken very ill of a Fever, of which he dyed within Ten Days after his firſt falling ſick. Here was the firſt Sorrow I ever knew; and I aſſure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, I remember the beautiful Action of the ſweet Youth in his Fever, as freſh as if it were Yeſterday. If he wanted any thing, it muſt be given him, by *Tom*: When I let any thing fall through the Grief I was under, he 'would cry, Do not beat the poor Boy: Give him 'ſome more Julep for me, no Body elſe ſhall give 'it me. He would ſtrive to hide his being ſo bad, 'when he ſaw I could not bear his being in ſo 'much Danger, and comforted me, ſaying, "*Tom*, "*Tom*, have a good Heart. When I was holding 'a Cup at his Mouth he fell into Convulſions; and 'at this very Time I hear my dear Maſter's laſt 'Groan. I was quickly turned out of the Room, 'and left to ſob and beat my Head againſt the Wall 'at my Leiſure. The Grief I was in was inexpreſſible; and every Body thought it would have 'coſt me my Life. In a few Days my old Lady, 'who was one of the Houſewives of the World, 'thought of turning me out of Doors, becauſe I 'put her in Mind of her Son. Sir *Stephen* propoſed putting me to Prentice, but my Lady being 'an excellent Manager, would not let her Husband throw away his Money in Acts of Charity. 'I had Senſe enough to be under the utmoſt Indignation, to ſee her diſcard with ſo little Concern 'one her Son had loved ſo much; and went out of 'the Houſe to ramble wherever my Feet would carry me.

'The third Day after I left Sir *Stephen*'s Family, I was ſtrolling up and down the Walks 'in the *Temple*: A young Gentleman of the Houſe, 'who (as I heard him ſay afterwards) ſeeing 'me half ſtarved and well dreſſed, thought 'me an Equipage ready to his Hand, after very 'little Enquiry more than *did I want a Maſter?* 'bid me follow him: I did ſo, and in a very little 'while thought my ſelf the happieſt Creature in 'this World. My Time was taken up in carrying 'Letters to Wenches, or Meſſages to young Ladies 'of my Maſter's Acquaintance. We rambled from 'Tavern to Tavern, to the Play-houſe, the Mulberry-garden, and all Places of Reſort; where 'my Maſter engaged every Night in ſome new Amour, in which and drinking he ſpent all his 'Time when he had Money. During theſe Extravagancies I had the Pleaſure of lying on the 'Stairs of a Tavern half a Night, playing at Dice 'with other Servants, and the like Idleneſſes. When 'my Maſter was moneyleſs, I was generally employed in tranſcribing amorous Pieces of Poetry, 'old Songs, and new Lampoons. This Life held 'till my Maſter married, and he had then the Prudence to turn me off becauſe I was in the Secret 'of his Intreagues.

‘I was utterly at a Loſs what Courſe to take ‘next; when at laſt I applied my ſelf to a Fel-‘low-ſufferer, one of his Miſtreſſes, a Woman ‘of the Town. She happening at that Time ‘to be pretty full of Money, cloathed me from ‘Head to Foot, and knowing me to be a ſharp ‘Fellow, employed me accordingly. Sometimes I ‘was to go abroad with her, and when ſhe had ‘pitched upon a young Fellow ſhe thought for her ‘Turn, I was to be dropped as one ſhe could not ‘truſt. She would often cheapen Goods at the ‘*New Exchange*, and when ſhe had a Mind to be ‘attacked, ſhe would ſend me away on an Errand. ‘When an humble Servant and ſhe were beginning ‘a Parley, I came immediately, and told her Sir ‘*John* was come home; then ſhe would order ano-‘ther Coach to prevent being dogged. The Lo-‘ver makes Signs to me as I get behind the Coach, ‘I ſhake my Head it was impoſſible. I leave my ‘Lady at the next Turning, and follow the Cully ‘to know how to fall in his Way on another Occa-‘ſion. Beſides good Offices of this Nature, I writ ‘all my Miſtreſs's Love-letters; ſome from a Lady ‘that ſaw ſuch a Gentleman at ſuch a Place in ſuch ‘a coloured Coat, ſome ſhewing the Terrour ſhe ‘was in of a jealous old Husband, others explain-‘ing that the Severity of her Parents was ſuch ‘(tho' her Fortune was ſettled) that ſhe was willing ‘to run away with ſuch a one tho' ſhe knew he was ‘but a younger Brother. In a Word, my Half-‘Education and Love of idle Books, made me out-‘write all that made Love to her by way of Epi-‘ſtle; and as ſhe was extremely cunning, ſhe did ‘well enough in Company by a ſkillful Affectation ‘of the greateſt Modeſty. In the Midſt of all this ‘I was ſurpriſed with a Letter from her and a ten ‘Pound Note.

Honeſt Tom.

“YOU will never ſee me more. I am marri-“ed to a very cunning Country Gentleman, “who might poſſibly gueſs ſomething if I kept you “ſtill; therefore farewell.

‘When this Place was loſt alſo in Marriage, I was ‘reſolved to go among quite another People for the ‘Future, and got in Butler to one of thoſe Families ‘where there is a Coach kept, three or four Ser-‘vants, a clean Houſe and a good general Outſide ‘upon a ſmall Eſtate. Here I lived very comforta-‘bly for ſome Time, till I unfortunately found my ‘Maſter, the very graveſt Man alive, in the Garret ‘with the Chambermaid. I knew the World too ‘well to think of ſtaying there; and the next Day ‘pretended to have received a Letter out of the ‘Country that my Father was dying, and got my ‘Diſcharge with a Bounty for my Diſcretion.

‘The next I lived with was a peeviſh ſingle ‘Man, whom I ſtay'd with for a Year and a Half. ‘Moſt Part of the Time I paſſed very eaſily; for ‘when I began to know him, I minded no more ‘than he meant what he ſaid; ſo that one Day in ‘good Humour he ſaid, *I was the beſt Man he ever ‘had, by my want of Reſpect to him.*

‘Theſe, Sir, are the chief Occurrences of my ‘Life; and I will not dwell upon very many other ‘Places I have been in, where I have been the ‘ſtrangeſt Fellow in the World; where no Body ‘in the World had ſuch Servants as they; where ‘ſure they were the unluckieſt People in the ‘World in Servants; and ſo forth. All I mean by ‘this Repreſentation, is, To ſhew you that we ‘poor Servants, are not (what you called us too ‘generally) all Rogues; but that we are what ‘we are, according to the Example of our Supe-‘riours. In the Family I am now in, I am guilty ‘of no one Sin but Lying; which I do with a ‘grave Face in my Gown and Staff every Day I ‘live, and almoſt all Day long, in denying my ‘Lord to impertinent Suitors, and my Lady to un-‘welcome Viſitants. But, Sir, I am to let you ‘know, that I am, when I can get abroad, a ‘Leader of the Servants: I am he that keep Time ‘with beating my Cudgel againſt the Boards in the ‘Gallery at an Opera: I am he that am touched ‘ſo properly at a Tragedy, when the People of ‘Quality are ſtaring at one another during the moſt ‘important Incidents: When you hear in a Crowd ‘a Cry in the right Place, and Humm where the ‘Point is touched in a Speech, or an Huſſa ſet up ‘where it is the Voice of the People; you may ‘conclude it is begun, or joined by,

Sir,

Your more than humble Servant,

Thomas Truſty.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians,

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, on Friday next being the 22d of June, will be preſented, a Play call'd, Timon or Athens; or, the Man-hater. The Part of Timon to be performed by Mr. Powell, Alcibiades Mr. Booth, Apemantus Mr. Mills, Æſius Mr. Johnſon, Phœax Mr. Bullock, Iſander Mr. Leigh, Poet Mr. Norris, Evandra Mrs. Knight, Meliſſa Mrs. Bradſhaw. N. B. The Company will continue acting every Tueſday and Friday during this Summer Seaſon.

The famous Water-Theatre of the late ingenious Mr. Winſtanly is open'd, and will continue to be ſhewn for one Month, and no longer this Summer. There is the greateſt Curioſities in Water-works, the like was never perform'd by any. It is ſhewn every Evening at 6 a Clock for the Benefit of his Widow, with ſeveral new Additions, as three new Stages, Sea Gods and Goddeſſes, Nymphs, Mermaids and Satires, all of them playing of Water as ſuitable, and ſome Fire mingling with the Water, and Sea Triumphs round the Barrel that plays ſo many Liquors; all which is taken away after it hath perform'd its Part, and the Barrel is broken in Pieces before the Spectators. It is at the lower End of Pickadilly, and is known by the Wind-mill on the Top of it.

There is now imported from Turin in Italy, a ſmall Quantity of rich Cordial Waters, made by Troſeme Robequi, Principal Diſtiller to his Royal Highneſs the Duke of Savoy: Every Cheſt contains 24 Bottles (three of which is a full Quart), and only of the following ſelect Sorts, viz. Mille-Fleur, Orangiat, Burgamot, and Peſſico, at three Guineas a Cheſt: They are all of a double Spirit, and drawn off in the ſame Manner as the Citron-Water of Barbadoes, which they excell in every Quality: And may be ſeen at the Wine-Cellar in Duke-ſtreet in York-buildings every Day from three till ſix. Note, There has been none of this in England, unleſs in Preſents, theſe five Years paſt.

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